

LAWYER FOR GUNMEN TRIES TO TRAP ROSE

Flynn Wrote to the Mayor Implicating Driscoll

Rain probable to-night and Thursday; colder.

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FLYNN WROTE LETTERS WARNING MAYOR OF BIG PLOT TO RAISE GRAFT

**Former Deputy Commissioner Had
Report That an Emissary Had
Tried to Have Him Form a
Combine With Driscoll.**

Late this afternoon the much discussed letter which has been suppressed by the Republican Aldermanic majority on the Graft Inquiry Commission was made public. The correspondence is as follows:

"Police Department of the City of New York, Office of Second Deputy Commissioner.

"New York, Feb. 27, 1911.
"His Honor the Mayor, City Hall, New York.

"Sir—I respectfully submit to you an account of several incidents occurring within the past few days, which seemingly has a very strong connection with the gambling situation.

"On Sunday, Feb. 19, a man ring the telephone of Lieut. John J. Collins, a police lieutenant attached to this office, asking to see that officer. Later, a second call was made, and Lieut. Collins still being out, it was asked that he call upon former Police Commissioner J. E. Reardon (retired) at 2143 Murray Hill. Lieut. Collins did not answer this call.

"On Thursday, Feb. 23, former Police Commissioner Reardon met Lieut. Collins in the north end of the corridor on the main floor of the Police Headquarters building shortly before 10 o'clock A. M. He explained to the lieutenant that he wanted to talk with him on matters of importance and the two walked to the corner of Spring street and Broadway.

"It was picked out by some people in this city to see you, Lieut. Collins," explained Reardon, "in relation to the gambling situation."

"What do you mean by that?" Lieut. Collins asked.

WANTED TO "LET IN" CLEM DRISCOLL.

"Clem Driscoll must get in the people that sent me to you, you want to have Driscoll and Flynn get together, as they are now not on exactly friendly terms. If you can bring this about everything will be all right. But, if not, let me tell you, you will be transferred, and Clem is going to rip the house down. If this proposition is not accepted, inspectors and captains are going to get their plain clothes men back within a week. They, these people, send me, know that you and Flynn are doing business with gamblers; and, if Flynn and Driscoll get together they can open up the city and everything will be run nicely, and we can all get some money. Driscoll will also tip Flynn off as to what is going on in Cropper's office."

"Lieut. Collins replied: 'Reardon, I would not put that proposition up to Commissioner Flynn, because I would be thrown out of the office if I did.'

"All right," replied Reardon, "I suppose that we will have to consider the matter closed. If I get any further information I will ring you up. I had a very hard time, as it was, getting your telephone number."

"Lieut. Collins met me then by appointment downtown and reported this conversation to me immediately.

TAKES UP THE SCHEME FOR FLYNN.

"Acting under direct orders from me, Lieut. Collins got into communication again, on Saturday, Feb. 25, with Reardon, sending a note to the latter at his residence, No. 62 West Thirty-seventh street, by Patrolman William A. Carlson of the Central Office squad, requesting Reardon to call him up at his residence in Brooklyn that evening.

"At 12:30 o'clock on Saturday evening Reardon called Lieut. Collins on the telephone and the latter made an engagement to have Reardon meet him in the office of the Second Deputy Commissioner, on Sunday Headquarters, at 12 o'clock, noon, on Sunday, at which time, it was explained, no one would be there.

"At 12 o'clock Sunday, Feb. 25, Reardon called on Lieut. Collins and first said: 'Well, I see that Flynn and Driscoll are getting together; it looks all right.' This reference was due to the fact that First Deputy Commissioner Driscoll and I had together selected the summer helmets for the Police Department a day or so previously.

"Lieut. Collins then asked Reardon to repeat his proposition of Thursday, and again the caller stated: 'I was picked out by some people in this city to come

DOG RENDS CHILD, ATTACKS WOMAN BEFORE A CROWD

**Mother Vainly Fights Maddened
Animal Devouring Her
Boy in Flat.**

RESCUED BOY DYING.

**Policeman's Shot Ends Fearful
Struggle Watched by
Hundreds.**

A mad bulldog this afternoon nearly devoured eight-year-old Harry Pecker, son of one of the janitresses of the apartment house at No. 8 West One Hundred and Nineteenth street, then, when the mother tried to save the boy, turned and bit her to the bone in a dozen places.

Mrs. Pecker with her bare hands fought the vicious beast all over the floor of the living room, taking bites in return for blows, while a crowd of children and men on the sidewalk outside of the window looked down at the battle in horror. Not until five policemen had appeared outside of the house was any move made to go to the rescue of the woman and her terribly mangled child, and by that time the woman had by her own strategy freed herself from the beast's grip.

How the building became angered nobody knows, but when Mrs. Pecker let herself into the basement door her apartments on her return she heard a strange sound of mingled yelps and screams coming from the front room. She burst through the door. A ghastly sight met her eyes.

**CROWD WATCHED HORROR
FOUR FEET AWAY.**

Harry was lying on the floor. The dog stood with his feet on the little fellow's chest, ripping and worrying the flesh of his face. The child's features were unrecognizable; his clothes were stripped in rags to the waist and his chest was lacerated. Anthony lay on the couch, his face a white mask of horror. The little boy's teeth pointed to the floor when he saw his mother.

Mrs. Pecker rushed to where the dog stood, carrying her child with grovels and whines. She tried to drag the beast away from the boy, but his teeth were sunk in the little fellow's face, and every effort the mother made added to the terrible damage the dog was doing. She hit the dog with a chair, but still he would not release his hold.

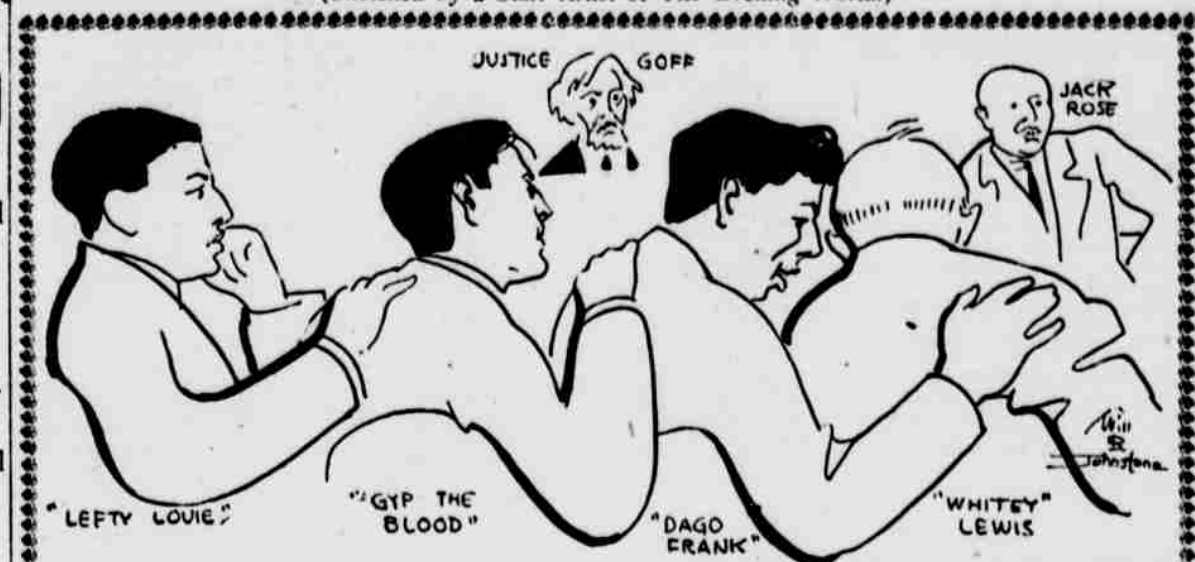
Still Policeman Monahan blew his whistle.

Mrs. Pecker beat the dog's head with the splintered butt of the fruit jar, tore at his throat with her hands, tried to scratch out his eyes. He merely shifted his hold from the left to the right thigh.

Then the mother instinct led the woman to a heroic last effort. Telling little Anthony to run and open the door leading into a bedroom, the woman stooped, lifted the form of the unconscious Harry in her arms and started backwards for the door. The dog had his fangs in her thigh all the while.

Gunmen Who Are Accused of Murder for Pay As They Appear at Trial Before Justice Goff

(Sketches by a Staff Artist of The Evening World.)



M'CREA RESIGNS AS PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA

**Declares He Has Earned a Rest
by His Many Years of Service**

—Samuel Rea Successor.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 12.—James M'Crea, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad resigned to-day to take effect Jan. 1. The resignation was presented at a special meeting of the Board of Directors.

The directors immediately elected Samuel Rea to the position. Mr. Rea has for years served as Vice-President.

Mr. M'Crea in his letter of resignation said he was approaching the age of sixty-five and felt that he needed a rest. He added that forty-six years of that time had been spent in the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Mr. M'Crea's letter in part is as follows: "This action is prompted by the consideration that I will very shortly reach the age of sixty-five—forty-eight of them have been practically devoted to the service of lines either directly in or subsequently embraced in the Pennsylvania system—it is almost unnecessary to say that such service has meant unrelenting effort, and now I feel that I have earned a rest and to be free to dispose of my time in such a manner as may be most agreeable to me and best conducive to my health."

"It is not inappropriate to state that but two of my predecessors passed my present age—and that none of them was actively engaged in the service of the company for so long a period."

"In all these years of service I have been favored with the confidence and fullest support of those to whom I was responsible, while enjoying the complete cooperation of my associates and I have found it a hard struggle to determine that it was best for me to be relieved of the burdensome responsibilities of the position I now occupy."

"To each and all of you, gentlemen of the board, I beg to tender my most sincere acknowledgments and hearty thanks for the unfailing and cordial support given to my administration."

Mr. Rea, the new President, was elected a member of the board of directors to succeed Clement A. Griscom, who died on Sunday, and was subsequently chosen President to succeed Mr. M'Crea.

Miss Myers said she mistook her mother for a negro porter, whom she feared would rob her. According to Dr. H. B. Postill, who attended Mrs. Myers at the hospital, the daughter was fully hospitalized by her mother before she died.

MOTHER SHOT ON TRAIN BY GIRL IN NIGHTMARE IN MISTAKE FOR ROBBER

**Mrs. Elizabeth Myers Opened
Curtains of Berth and
Daughter Fired.**

PASSENGERS IN PANIC.

**Young Woman Awoke With
Hand on Revolver Pro-
tecting Her Jewels.**

Mrs. J. Rappe Myers, wife of the owner of the Rappe Hotel at Greensburg, Pa., near Pittsburgh, was shot and killed by her daughter Gladys on the Pennsylvania express which reached here at 7 o'clock this morning. The train was passing through Crookston, Pa., when the shooting occurred. Mrs. Myers was taken from the train at Trenton and died in a hospital there at 7 o'clock. The police took Gladys Myers, who was on her way to New Brunswick, N. J., as a material witness.

The condition of Miss Myers for several hours after she realized that she had killed her mother was such that she was hardly coherent. The other passengers were hardly less excited.

**GIRL THOUGHT PORTER WAS
TRYING TO ROB HER.**

In a statement made this afternoon Miss Myers said she mistook her mother for a negro porter, whom she feared would rob her. According to Dr. H. B. Postill, who attended Mrs. Myers at the hospital, the daughter was fully hospitalized by her mother before she died.

Although satisfied that the shooting was purely accidental, the authorities are still holding Miss Myers until the coroner's verdict has been given.

Miss Myers, who is twenty-two years old and a very beautiful girl of the blond Teutonic type, said that after being awakened by her mother's leaving their berth to go to the wash room after 6 o'clock she fell asleep again, and was suddenly out of a dream of burglary to find that she had shot her mother. She explained having the revolver by saying that it was taken along in order that she and her mother might have protection for the quantity of jewelry which they had with them.

Mrs. Myers said she had a number business at Salem, Va. His mother and sister frequently visited him there. Miss Myers became engaged to marry J. Blair Dillard of Salem. Her brother was to be married to a Salem girl on the same day in a double wedding in June.

Mrs. Myers came North with her daughter yesterday to buy materials for the trousseau in New York. They went

'TRAITOR,' SHOUTED AT ASQUITH, DURING PARLIAMENT FIGHT

**Bedlam Reigns as Premier Tries
to Force Through Motion on
Home Rule Bill.**

LONDON, Nov. 12.—The hopes of the Unionists in connection with the Home Rule Bill were destroyed by the Speaker of the House of Commons to-day. The Unionists desired the Speaker to declare out of order Premier Asquith's motion to rescind the decision of the Committee of the House which amended the Home Rule bill and defeated the Government on Monday. Speaker James Lowther said the Premier's motion was unprecedented but was quite in order.

The Premier then submitted his motion and in support of it said if the House did not reverse the decision reached by the Committee on the amendment of Sir Frederick Banbury the Government would be unable to proceed with the bill.

The debate continued amid the wildest excitement. Unionist members shouted down the Liberal speakers and called for the members of the Cabinet.

Several Unionists, among them Sir William Bull, a London member, shouted "Traitor!" at Premier Asquith.

Sir William Bull refused to withdraw his remark when requested, instead of which he repeated it and was ordered from the House.

Sir Frederick Banbury moved as an amendment that Premier Asquith's resolution was an affront to the House.

Capt. Craig, another Unionist member, declared the government supporters were there "under the most disgusting and degrading circumstances," while the members of the Cabinet present, he said, "grinned at the minority like apes."

Henry P. Croft, another Unionist, said the name of this government "stank in the nostrils of the financiers of London."

The Attorney-General vainly tried to get a hearing and the Speaker was obliged to suspend the sitting for an hour. It is thought a vote may not be reached before to-morrow.

JACK ROSE DRAWS MOB TO TRIAL OF GUNMEN; SOCIETY WOMEN IN IT

**Wife of District-Attorney, Mrs. O.
H. P. Belmont and Others Hear
Gambler Tell of His Bargain-
ing for the Murder.**

**SCARING OF GANGSTERS
NEW FEATURE OF TALE.**

**"Nobody Is Safe I Told Them," He
Swears, "If Rosenthal Carries
Out His Plan to Squal."**

Fifth avenue shouldered the east side, and men and women of the fashionable world fought with fists and feet with the wolves of the city's kennels, at the door of Justice Goff's courtroom this afternoon. Place to see and hear Jack Rose, the grim story teller of the prosecution's forces against the four gunmen now being tried for the murder of Rosenthal, was the prize of their contention.

From the time court adjourned for three quarters of an hour's recess until Justice Goff took his seat again at 2:30 o'clock a crowd greater than any that had gathered for other famous trials—Thaw's, Nan Patterson's and even the more recent one of Lieut. Becker—surged and boiled through the Criminal Courts Building and in the streets outside.

Men were hurled downstairs from the narrow corridor outside the court room. Women were trampled and hustled until their sharp screams of distress brought a policeman flailing his way through the pack. There was a thunder of feet on the flags and the babel of many tongues.

When the jury started a way for lunch-son in their big eight-seater automobile the chauffeur could hardly guide his machine through the mob in the streets. Then Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, accompanied by Mrs. Whitman, wife of the District-Attorney, and Miss Ines Milford, the militant suffragette, essayed to leave the building for lunch.

Photographers spotted them and dodged and snatched at position until the three women had to take refuge in a dark corner of the building where snaphotting would be impossible until Detective Al Thomas came to their rescue.

**GUARDS SWEEP OFF THEIR
FEET BY THROING.**

Capt. Tierney and his eight men on guard at the doors of the court room were swept off their feet by the returning throng, eager for seats. Time and again the doors were rushed and the captain had to retire within the court room and rush out the bold ones who had gained entrance.

Jack Rose in his testimony to-day duplicated his astounding story of the murder of Herman Rosenthal. He added the feature that these men were scared into killing Rosenthal.

Rose was the same inscrutable block of ice he had been when he first offered his sensational testimony, and former Magistrate Wahl, counsel for the gunmen, failed in his effort to shake the witness on cross-examination.

Just before Justice Goff ordered the midday recess Mr. Wahl addressed the Court and complained that witnesses for the defense were being stopped at the door and served with subpoenas ordering them to appear in the District-Attorney's office. This was done, said Wahl, to intimidate the gunmen's witnesses.

Justice Goff promised to prosecute any person who tampered with a witness for the defense.

When Court opened in the morning Rose took the stand looking like a grim poker-player, his hairless head sprouting out of his immaculate clothes like a shining knob.

How great a drawing card this master of inscrutability and graphic narrative is, was manifest in the great rush for the doors an hour before the time set for the resumption of the trial. It was the biggest crush of the gunmen's trial and in size rivaled the throngs that stampeded the corridors

of the Criminal Courts Building during the Thaw and Becker trials.

**GUNMEN GLARE AT ROSE AS
HE TELLS HIS STORY.**

The gunmen returned to their places at the prisoner's table with tense faces and rigid bodies. When Rose was called they looked at him with the same bearing of vindictive hatred which they had displayed when William Shapiro went upon the stand yesterday afternoon and fastened a supremely important rivet into the people's chain of evidence by identifying them as his passengers in the "murder car."

When Justice Goff arrived in court promptly at 10:30 o'clock the courtroom to the right of the bench was more than three-quarters filled with men. There were several "trial parties" in the case, one headed by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, all of whom carried jeweled loggerties through which they gazed with fascinated stare at the gunmen.

There was a study in brown when he reappeared in the trial room. His suit was brown, his tie was brown, his shoes were tan and his socks were of brilliant brown silk. Seating himself with something of elegant grace, he folded his hands in his lap and began his testimony in his full, round, clear voice. He told of his long acquaintance with Herman Rosenthal, and swore that he had met the four gunmen at a "Bridge" Webber's poker room on the night of July 15. He had met "Whitey" Lewis and "Gyp the Blood" in the Cafe des Beaux Arts on the day after Jack Zelig was arrested for carrying concealed weapons.

**GUNMEN TOLD ROSE ZELIG HAD
BEEN "FRAMED."**

"Lewis said to me on that occasion," said Rose, "that they knew Zelig had been 'framed' by two of Becker's men. He said my name had been mentioned in connection with the 'frame-up' and wanted to know if I had anything to do with it. I told them no, and explained the situation between Rosenthal and Becker."

"Q. (By Mr. Moss) When did you see them again? A. On the day after Jack Zelig was shot. I saw 'Lefty Louie' and 'Whitey Lewis' in their Bronx home, and I warned them that they better keep off the streets as Becker's men were arresting people for carrying concealed weapons. 'Lefty Louie' said they ought to be safe if they didn't carry any guns. Then I told them that

(Continued on Seventh Page.)

FOR RACING SEE PAGE 15.